Shakeſpeare's Seven Ages, paraphraſed by Mr Collins.

OUR immortal Poet's Page
Says that all the World's a Stage;
And that Men, with all their Airs,
Are nothing more than Players;
Each uſing Skill and Art
In his Turn, to top his Part.
All to fill up this farcical Scene O!
Enter here,
Exit there;
Stand in View,
Mind your Cue.
Hey down—ho down—derry, derry, down.
All to fill up this farcical Scene O!

Firſt the Infant in the Lap
Mewling, pewling, with its Pap,
Like a Chicken that we truſs,
Is ſwaddled by its Nurſe;
Who, to pleaſe the Puppet tries,
As it giggles and it cries,
All to fill, &c.
Huſh a bye,
Wipe an Eye;
Kiſſe pretty,
Suck a titty.

Oh! its Mamma's nown little Darling,—ſee, here's Daddy's nown Noſey, Poſey—and Granny's Mouthey, Mouthey, *(cries like a Child.)* Huſhe, you little ſqualling Brat, or I'll fling you ——
Hey down, &c.

Then the pretty Babe of Grace,
With his ſhining Morning Face,
And his Satchell on his Back,
To the School, alas! muſt pack:
But, like a Snail, he creeps,
And for Bloody Monday weeps.
All to fill up, &c.
Book miſlaid,
Truant play'd;
Rod in pickle,
Bum to tickle.

You Loggerhead of a Teſtril, (ſays Maſter Lingo) ſpell that Word over again:——B--i--r—Bur——m--i--n--g—Birming——h—a--m—Birmingham.——Oh! you ſtupid Dunce, ſhall I never beat any—*out* of that thick Skull of your's!—'Tis Burmidgum—I tell you once more,—take that,—*(cries)*—and
Hey down, &c.

Then the Lover next appears,
Souſed over Head and Ears;
Like a Lobſter, on the Fire,
Sighing, ready to expire;
With a large Hole in his Heart,
Thro' which you may drive a Cart.
All to fill up, &c.
Beauty ſpurns him,
Paſſion burns him;
Like a Wizard,
Guts and Gizzard.

Oh my Dear—my adorable—my lovely—my angelic Eliza,—ſuffer me, thou Paragon of Beauty—thou terreſtrial Charmer—thou Mirror of Excellence, to approach thy ——
Hey down, &c.

Then the Soldier, ripe for Plunder,
Breathing Slaughter, Blood, and Thunder;
Like a Cat amongſt the Mice,
Kicks a Duſt up in a Trice:
Then he talks of ſcatter'd Brains,
Shatter'd Limbs, and ſtreaming Veins.
All to fill, &c.
Fight or fly,
Run or die,
Pop and pelter,
Helter ſkelter.

Oh! ſuch a terrible bloody Day never was before ſeen—no *nor* after neither—there was I *by myſelf* marching up to the Knees in Blood—Cannon Balls flying about like Cock-chafers on a Summer's Evening—Whiz! comes one in a direct Line to me; but I being aware of him, I up with my Sabre, cut him in two—One-half flew paſt my Face, and took away my right Curl, without *hurting a ſingle Hair of my Head*, and the other——
Hey down, &c.

Next the Juſtice in his Chair,
With broad Grin and vacant Stare;
With his Wig of formal Cut,
And a Belly like a Butt;
Well lin'd too with Turtle Haſh,
Calipee and Calipaſh.
All to fill, &c.
Bawd and Cull,
Pimp and Trull,
At his Nod
Go to Quod.

Pray, Fellow, what is your Name? and what are you?—My Name, an' pleaſe your Worſhip, is Benjamin Button, a poor Buckle-Maker, driven, for Want of Work, from Birmingham, in Hopes of obtaining an honeſt Livelihood in this here Country.—Sirrah, did you knock down this Hare in my Ground?—Yes, pleaſe your Honour, I did; for my Wife, ſix Children, and myſelf, not having taſted Meat for four and twenty Hours, and nearly ſtarving, whilſt I was walking towards your Farm-Houſe, in Hopes to get ſome Employment, the Hare jumped from the Hedge, and, not *knowing* I was ſinning againſt the Laws, I knock'd her down.—Lies, lies—all lies:—Sirrah, you not *know* you *was ſinning*, a very pretty Story truly—*know* then, Raſcals, like you, have nothing to do with the Laws but to obey them. ——Conſtable, take this Fellow, his Wife, and his ſix Baſtards to——
Hey down, &c.

Then the ſlipper'd Pantaloon,
Gliding down Life's Afternoon;
With Spectacles on his Noſe,
And his Shanks in youthful Hoſe;
With his Voice, once loud and round,
Now a whiſtling feeble Sound.
All to fill, &c.
Body bent,
Vigour ſpent,
Shaking noddle,
Widdle, waddle.

Ah! Lord bleſs you all, my dear Children, many a long Day have I travelled in the rough and ſmooth Roads of Life—and remember a Time when Honeſty and Induſtry were rewarded; but now Bribery and Corruption choke up the Seeds of Merit, and——
Hey down, &c.

Then, at laſt, to end the Play,
Second Childhood leads the Way;
And, like Sheep, who've got the Rot,
All our Senſes go to Pot!
Death, at Length, amongſt us pops,
And then—down the Curtains drops.
All to fill up, &c.
Then the Coffin,
We move off in;
While the Bell
Tolls the Knell
Of High and Low—down into the cold Ground.
All to fill, &c.

O'ER THE VINE-COVER'D HILLS.

WRITTEN BY

MR ROSCOE,

And Sung at the Meeting of the Friends of Freedom,

NOVEMBER 5, 1797.

O'ER the Vine-cover'd Hills and gay Regions of France,
See the Day-Star of LIBERTY riſe,
Thro' Clouds of Detraction, unwearied, advance,
And hold its new Courſe thro' the Skies:
An Effulgence ſo mild, with Luſtre ſo bright,
All Europe with Wonder ſurveys;
And from Deſerts of Darkneſs, and Dungeons of Night,
Contends for a Share of the Blaze.

Let Burke, like a Bat, from its Splendour retire,
A Splendour too ſtrong for his Eyes;
Let Pedants and Fools his Effuſions admire,
Entrapt, in his Cobwebs, like Flies:
Let FRENZY and SOPHISTRY hope to prevail,
When REASON oppoſes its Weight;
When the *Welfare* of *Millions* is hung in the Scale,
And the Balance yet trembles with Fate.

Ah! who 'midſt the Horrors of Night would abide,
That can taſte the pure Breeze of the Morn;
Or, who that has drank of the chryſtalline Tide,
To the feculent Flood would return?
When the Boſom of Beauty the throbbing Heart meets,
Ah! who can the Tranſport decline;
Then who that has taſted of *Liberty*'s Sweets,
The Prize but with Life would reſign!

—But 'tis o'er—high Heaven the Deciſion approves,
Oppreſſion has ſtruggled in vain!
To the *Hell* ſhe has form'd *Superſtition* removes,
And *Tyranny* gnaws his own Chain!
In the Records of Time a new Æra unfolds,
All Nature appears in its Birth;
The *Creator* benign—his Creation beholds,
And gives a new *Charter* to Earth.—

O catch its *high Import*, ye Winds, as ye blow!
O bear it, ye Waves! as ye roll,
From Regions that feel the Sun's vertical Glow,
To the fartheſt Extremes of the Pole.
Equal Laws—Equal Rights—to the Nations around;
Peace and *Friendſhip* its Precepts impart;
And wherever the Footſteps of *Man* ſhall be found,
May he *bind* the *Decree* on his *Heart!!!*